



" Prompt to improve and to invite,
 " We blend instruction with delight."

VOL. V. [I. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, JANUARY 3, 1829.

No. 16.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
 " Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

A Melancholy Sketch.

" I meant but o'er your tombs to weep a day,
 Unknown, I meant to weep, unknown to pass away."

The valley of the Mohawk is rich and beautiful in natural scenery—changing, as it constantly does, before the admiring gaze of the passing traveller. To one who loves to hold communion with the " wild and tame, the gentle and severe," I know of no spot more interesting, than the valley of the Mohawk, seen from the southern bank of the river. It may be that a fondness for " nature in her sternest moods" may have made a deeper impression upon me, than it would do upon others; but frowning rocks—seen through stretches of quiet landscape—the murmuring of streams—and the silver bosom of the river, itself, will, or I am much in error, inspire any one with emotions of pleasure, more especially when seen with the sober lines of Autumn, embracing and covering the whole with that peculiar radiance which the mellowness of that quiet season is so admirably calculated to produce.

Not many years since, there resided in one of the quiet nooks on the Mohawk River a wealthy farmer, whose family consisted of an only daughter. Simple, unassuming and modest, she was esteemed and beloved by the few families, who had removed from the New-England states, and had " settled" around them. She was a pretty good scholar, and the sweetness of her disposition—the superior demeanour, (I must confess it,) I used myself to admire—but with a want of confidence, which always attended my younger years, I was forced, and most reluctantly, to nothing but the privilege to admire—while WILLIAM EDMONDS with a faculty which I could not but envy, won her first born affection—won the promise of her hand, and the consent of her parents, to their union. I am thus brief in relating my

story, for there are few who have not heard the history—many in various ways—of Emma Francis, and William Edmonds.

What emotions thrilled through my too sensitive heart, when I heard that the wedding was to be celebrated in the afternoon of the day on which I received the intelligence. I attended—and when they were bound in the bands of matrimony—how beautiful, through their cheeks and eyes, beamed forth the halcyon gladness of their fond hearts.—Time and distance had since separated us—the chances and changes of life, I had experienced—but through and above all, often came the recollection, of my juvenile years—of young companions, and departed scenes—and never among those whose youth succeeded childhood with my own, did I forget the marriage-day of my early friend.

It was in the Autumn of 18— that I left the busy scenes of the city, for a pleasant journey into the interior of New-York. After a stay of three or four weeks, I commenced returning, by the way of the canal. On the second day of my passage, I arrived opposite the quiet spot where my youth had passed so fleetly and happily by—where the sunshine of my young existence had never been obscured by the clouds of the world's unkindness, in which my maturer years had brought me to be well experienced. I jumped from the packet, and with ardent gaze, rivetted my eyes upon the scene before me. It was a beautiful morning—and as my parents had long been removed from the place, and my long absence had made me a stranger, I contented myself with gazing. As I walked along the margin of the canal, I could not help pointing out to a fellow-traveller, the little white house,—the former residence of William Edmonds, and his beloved wife. " And unfortunate but happy were they" replied the stranger—" during the short term of their union. Yonder marble that tells where they lie—should speak the uncertainty of earthly happiness—and the end of all."

The gentleman's story was soon told. They had, in twelve months after I left home, fallen a prey to a malignant and alarming, prevalent fever—both were buried beneath a broad-spreading tree, on the bank of the river, under which I had so often sported with them; and, as I read, with moistened eyes, from the plain, white slab, their names, I unavoidably repeated,

" 'Tis but a home, where all must rest—
Change, which to all must come;
A curtain, which o'er all must spread
Its deep, unfathomed gloom!"

The passing traveller may have seen, on the south bank of the Mohawk, too quiet graves—and if I have afforded a passing tribute to the history of those who occupy those clayey tenements, I have also given vent to the melancholy feelings which the same scene has afforded to ——— on the canal. W. D. K. C.

Marcellus, Nov. 23 1828.

FROM THE TOKEN FOR 1829.

The Emigrant.

BY MRS. HALE.

She called me once to her sleeping place,
A strange wild look was upon her face,
Her eye flashed over her cheek so white,
Like a gravestone seen in the pale moonlight,
And she spake in a low, unearthly tone—
The sound from my ear hath never gone!
"I had last night the loveliest dream;
Mine own land shown in the summer beam,
I saw the fields of the golden grain,
I heard the reaper's harvest strain:
There stood on the hills, the green pine tree,
And the thrush and the lark sang merrily,
A long and a weary way I had come,
But I stopped, methought, by my own loved home."

MISS LONDON.

"May I inquire, Sir, if you are from New-England?" said the landlady of the Pittsburg hotel to a gentleman who was quietly taking his tea in a small parlour, which, at his urgent request to be alone, had been prepared for him.

He was not quite alone, however. The house was filled with company. This was in the autumn of 1818, when the tide of emigration rolled so rapidly from the Eastern States to the West, as almost to cause a returning current; but the landlord a true Boniface, was fertile in expedients. There was a small parlour, occupied by an artist who was engaged in sketching views of the surrounding scenery—an odd genius, the landlord called him—certainly he was a very obliging man, for he consented that the table for the stranger should be laid in his apartment.

"It will be all the same as if the gentleman were alone," said the landlord to his wife. "You know that odd fellow never speaks unless it is to his pencil. He may take a man's face off, to be sure, but he never troubles him with questions about his business. I reckon he is not a Yankee, though I never found out exactly where he was born."

"May I inquire, Sir, if you are from New-England?" said the landlady to the stranger.

"I am, Madam," replied he, raising his keen, dark eyes from his plate, and fixing them on her face with a look of true Yankee inquisitiveness, but yet blended with an air of perfect good breeding.

The landlady, hesitated, as if between her wish to make further inquiries, and the fear of offending a gentleman and a guest.

He saw her embarrassment, and, to relieve it, carelessly inquired if she had any friends in New-England.

"Oh! no, Sir, no," she eagerly replied; "but there is a poor family from that part of the country; a distressed family, Sir; and though my husband tells me never to be troubling our company with such stuff, yet, Sir, the poor woman begged me so earnestly, if I saw any person from New-England, I would let her know it. And I thought, too, you looked like a clergyman."

"And a Yankee, of course," said the gentleman, smiling, and glancing his eye on his black coat. Its well brushed appearance and the desire of its wearer to be alone, had been in the mind of the landlady, proof positive of the holy calling of her guest. She made a small mistake. It was not the spiritual but the civil law that Arthur Erskine was commissioned to expound and defend. But humanity is not professional, nor generosity and a benevolent mind always put on with the cassock. Arthur Erskine had a heart of flesh, and he never said to the child of misfortune, "Depart in peace," when he was neither warmed nor fed. He performed his duties cheerfully, and never boasted of the performance. A christian he was, but more in practice than profession.

He did not, however, undeceive the landlady respecting his function. He listened to her recital of a tale of sorrows with earnest attention, and then, with the promptness that should always characterize willing charity, said—"I will visit this family immediately, if you, Madam will apprise them of my intention, and they are prepared to admit me."

The landlady departed to ascertain.

Arthur Erskine had stipulated to be alone. He was seated with his back towards the artist, and forgetting that he was not alone, he said, with a deep sigh, "How many poor emigrants to this boundless West are now yearning for the quiet homes they left in our peaceful New-England!"

"You Yankees are too sanguine of success and too eager to obtain riches," said the artist.

Erskine turned round. The man had laid down his pencil, and it was evident he wished to converse. The brown study in which Erskine had been intending to indulge through the evening, had been interrupted by the landlady in a manner that entirely dissipated its pleasing illusions. He no longer wished for solitude, but esteemed the presence of the artist, as a very lucky incident. When two persons are mutually desirous of entering into

conversation an acquaintance may easily be commenced.

"I think, Sir," said the artist, "that the New-Englanders are naturally of a cool temperament, sensible, wary and calculating; but when once their imaginations or passions are thoroughly excited, you cannot turn them from the bent of their humour, or convince them they have mistaken their own interest. You may as easily direct the whirlwind, or stay the course of a torrent with the rushes on its bank."

"We are rather obstinate, I confess, when our resolution is formed," said Erskine.

"Yes, and you think nothing you determine on impossible in performance or attainment," replied the artist. "I have seen many of your Yankees, who come here with their families, almost as destitute as Adam was when he was banished from Eden, and yet they were expecting to amass the wealth of princes, and attain the highest honours of the State. This enthusiasm is shared, too, by the women, and even little children. I never saw a finer illustration of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' than I witnessed a few weeks since. I spent a month last summer wandering over the Alleghany hills, and during my rambles, I fell in with a family who were removing from Connecticut to Ohio. I saw them first at noonday, as they were about to rest an hour or two. The horses were loosed from the wagon; but here—I can show you a sketch of the scene; I took it at the time, and have since bestowed some pains to retouch and finish it. Indeed I think I succeeded tolerably well in giving the spirit, the peculiar character of the individuals to their respective pictures, and that is the perfection of our art."

"Yes, but to impart the character of a person to his picture, it is necessary, I presume, that you know somewhat of his history," said Mr. Erskine.

"Exactly so," returned the artist. "But I had a fine opportunity for that. I passed a day with this family, and rendered them some trifling assistance, and was repaid by a communication, unreserved, I think, of all the changes and chances they had experienced. I never in my life saw a more interesting family. They appeared so good, so devoted to each other, so ardent in their expectations of success and so unpractised in the deceptions of the world. But look at my sketch. This old man told me he was descended, by the mother's side, from the noted Mr. Hooker, the Connecticut divine so famed for his courageous piety, that he trembled not at 'spirit of health, or goblin damned.' And truly, when I saw this old man walking with a firm and vigorous step, though he bore the weight of seventy years, and heard him converse with the cheerfulness of youth on his future plans and prospects, though always with reference to the will of God. I thought the descendant did not shame the progenitor. I drew him as I first saw him,

watering his horses at one of those bright rills, that, when swelled by recent rains, come leaping down the mountain from their hiding places among the rocks and shrubs. There is his wife with such a humble and resigned countenance mingled with that deep affection which seems, like the rill to gather strength in its descent to her posterity. She has her little grand-daughter at her knee, by the way, the loveliest creature I ever beheld. Her auburn hair, clustered in natural curls all over her head and her blue eyes were so bright with joy and innocence that I could not look at her without thinking of Heaven. Oh! she will be too fair a flower to bloom in our solitary wilds! Beside the old lady sits her son—he was a very handsome man, and his countenance indicative of an excellent disposition, but there was little of that energy about him which usually distinguishes the emigrant from the East. I thought him very amiable, but that he was not in his proper element—that to have tilled his small farm beside the soft flowing Connecticut would have been more congenial to his mind, than to explore the pathless forests and mighty rivers of our Western country. But he had a fine active boy, a lad of eight, perhaps, who looked as if he would delight to ramble over the whole earth. His face beamed with rapture, and his eyes with inquiry at every object he saw. He resembled his mother, and I could not do justice to her. She was one of those creatures of spirit and feeling who "would move heaven and earth," were it possible, to serve those she loved. Ambitious she was as Semiramis, and yet it was an ambition that hardly had reference to self. See! with what a queenly air she is looking around, over the boundless valley of the Ohio, then just opening before her. She was a very beautiful woman, but there was at that moment something in her countenance much dearer than beauty. It was the conjugal, the maternal expression of triumph and affection that seemed to say, 'Here my husband will be distinguished, and my children rich and happy.' She was, in truth, the presiding and animating spirit of the party. I found she wedded for 'pure, pure love,' as the old song says, and against the advice and wishes of her friends, who had provided one they deemed a better match for her. But Cupid delights in thwarting human prudence, and he had smitten with mutual passion the daughter of the rich merchant, and the son of the poor farmer, and so they married. I do not think the young woman regretted her choice, but I believe she was disappointed in the degree of felicity she had expected to enjoy. How could it be otherwise, when she had, doubtless, pictured a paradise of domestic bliss. The old lady told me her daughter-in-law made an excellent wife, but that she was never quite contented with their little farm, and so to please her, they were removing to a country where they could obtain more land. In short, I found

to compare small things with great, that it was the same cause which made the proud triumvir lose a world, namely, the influence of a woman, that had induced this prudent and peaceful family to quit the hearth and the altar of their childhood and old age, and set out on a pilgrimage to the wilderness of Ohio."

Here the artist was interrupted by the landlady who entered to say that the poor woman wished to speak with the minister then, if he was at liberty. "Her husband is dying, Sir, I believe."

Mr. Erskine arose instantly, and followed the hostess to a small chamber in the garret of the spacious hotel.

"The room is not very convenient for sick folks," said the hostess, as they were ascending the third staircase, a red glow at the same time passing over her usually hard and monotonous countenance. "I should not have moved them up here, only the groans of the sick ones disturbed my genteel boarders. And then these people had nothing they could pay for their lodgings, and I could not afford to give them the use of the best chambers." Her features again grew rigid with a sense of her own importance, and the unprecedented humanity she had shown, as she added, I have, Sir, done a great deal more for them than I was able to do.

She threw open the door of the small close chamber, and Erskine felt, for a moment, a sickness come over him that deprived him of the power to move or speak. His trance was broken by the sweet tones of a pale little girl who ran to him, saying, "Have you any thing to give father? He will not open his eyes to-day."

"He will never open them again, my love," said a female, attempting to rise from her kneeling posture by the low bed on which lay the lifeless body of her husband.

"Good God!" exclaimed Erskine. "Do I again see Emily Moore?"

"You see a wretched, dying woman, Arthur," said Mrs. Hanson, struggling to stifle her emotion, which yet was so violent that she sunk, nearly fainting, into a chair—the only one in the room.

"Is there nothing can be done for her?" asked Erskine, eagerly, as he vainly sought among the broken cups and empty phials for some cordial to revive her. "Woman," cried he, turning towards the landlady with an expression of sternness that made her tremble, "go send for a physician and a nurse, and bring something instantly for this lady."

"Lady!" but the tone of contempt died on the hostess's lip, as the dark glance of Erskine's eye met hers. She soon brought restoratives, and Mrs. Hanson was borne to another apartment.

"I shall now die in peace," said Mrs. Hanson in a low tone, and frequently interrupted by sobs which all her efforts could not suppress. I shall die in peace. I have so pined to hear a

voice that was familiar to me—to see a face that looked kind. It was such agony to think of leaving my dear little Emily alone with strangers!—But you will, Mr. Erskine, I know you will take care of her."

He promised all she wished, and then strove to comfort her with the hopes of recovery and happier days.

"No—it can never be," she replied.—"My heart is broken by disappointments, grief and remorse. You do not know, Erskine, what I have done, or suffered—We heard you were successful in Kentucky, and had obtained great wealth, and I repined that my husband was not equally fortunate. I loved him sincerely, but I was dissatisfied with our humble station. I was mortified and unhappy because my husband was not a great man. I coveted riches, and persuaded him to leave that quiet home where we had all that was really necessary to enjoyment, and with his aged parents, and our two little ones, we set out on the long journey to this place. Nothing material occurred till we were descending the last ridge of the Alleghany. Our wagon was there precipitated down a ledge of rocks. The horses were killed or wounded, but that was of no consequence. Our kind and venerable father was entangled with the horses and fell with them. He died the next day. We then came to this house, and here our mother was attacked with a fever. Then our little boy was sick. My husband supported himself till they were both laid in the same quiet grave, and then he took his bed. It is four weeks since. I had forgotten to tell you that our money, all we had in the world, was stolen from us a few days after we arrived. We have had to beg from strangers for the means to live, and I know what it is to suffer hunger and to weep with thankfulness for a piece of bread. Oh! this is a cold hearted world, but I dare not tell you all I have suffered. It has been just. I ought to have been contented with my home, and not coveted riches so eagerly. My poor husband has died, the victim of my ambition."

Her emotions overcame her again, and the physician, who then arrived, gave Erskine but little hope of her recovery.—Every thing was done for Mrs. Hanson that skill could devise, or wealth command. All was vain. The third evening after Erskine met her, he was summoned to her bedside—she was dying.

The agony of remorse, of self-reproach, that had so overshadowed her pale, emaciated countenance, had passed away.—She looked calm, even happy. She extended her hand to Erskine—it was the first time he had dared to take it.

"My friend," said she, "you show that the affection you once professed for me was sincere. I could not then return your love—but I feel deeply your kindness. My little Emily—"

Arthur Erskine took the child and pressed her to his bosom without speaking.—She threw

her infantile arms around his neck, and caressed him as she would have done her father.

"She is yours," said the dying mother, the fear gathering in her dark eyes that already beamed with the earnest unearthly brightness which usually precedes dissolution. "She is yours; I give her to you, and my last earthly tie is broken."

"Are you worse?" inquired Erskine, in a tone trembling with emotion.

"Oh! no—I feel assured my sorrows will soon cease; that I shall soon join my beloved friends—I see them all."

"Where? when?" exclaimed Erskine, looking round.

"I mean I have just seen them in my dream. I dreamed I was at home. Oh! I thought I had been wandering a long, long time, and lost my way, and lost my friends, and been in darkness and despair, but at last I reached my home. Every thing looked just as it did the last morning I was there. The sun was rising, and its beams shone on the waters of the river, and the ripples glanced like sparkles of gold. But just then a soft voice whispered in my ear, 'You will soon see brighter waters than these.'

"Then I thought I looked on the flowers. The damask rose-bush that grew beneath my window, was covered with flowers. I never saw roses look so blooming; but again I heard the same soft, sweet voice whisper, 'You will soon see fairer flowers than these.' Then I turned, and on the green before the house, my friends were all assembled. There was my husband, and parents, and son. I rushed forward to embrace them. They extended their arms to welcome me; but I heard the voice again, 'Stay, you will meet them soon—they will welcome you to a glorious home.' The rapture awakened me.—But I shall soon sleep in peace.

"Should my daughter live, tell her the history of her mother, and strive to impress this truth on her young mind—that to pursue eagerly after riches or distinction will often lead us into error, and always end in disappointment."

The happy group that so interested the artist on the Alleghany hills, were soon laid at rest beneath the green turf of that land they had so earnestly sought—all but the lovely little girl, and she is now the adopted daughter of the Governor of ———.

THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee

"From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

Danger of Crossing the Andes.

The preparations for crossing the Andes, at Uspallata, (the last abode of man on the eastern side,) consist of laying in charcoal, making snow-boats, covering stirrups with wool, to prevent the toes from being frost bitten, pound-

ing chaqui, &c. all indispensably necessary before entering the frozen regions. We add a picture of one of the first passes. We now came to the Jaula, or Cage from which the pass has its name where we took up our quarters for the night, under the lee of a solid mass of granite, upwards of thirty feet square, with the clear beautiful heaven for our canopy—Well may this place be called a cage: to give a just idea of it would be next to impossible, for I do not think a more wild or grander scene in nature could possibly exist: nevertheless, I shall attempt a description. The foaming river, branching off into different channels, formed by huge masses of granite *laying* in its course, runs between two gigantic mountains of about one thousand five hundred feet high and not more than two hundred yards distant from each other; so that to look up at the summits of either, we had to lay our heads completely back on our shoulders. Before us, these tremendous mountains met in a point, round which we had just passed, but now appeared as one mountain, closing our view in a distance of not more than four or five hundred yards; behind was the mighty Cordillera, a mass of snow, appearing to block up further progress. Thus were we completely shut up in a den of mighty mountains to look up either way, before, behind, right or left, excited astonishment, awe and admiration; huge masses of granite that had fallen from the awful heights above, lay scattered about, and formed our various shelters for the night. The torrent, which now had become very formidable, rushed down with fury, bounding and leaping over the rugged rocks which lay in its course, keeping up a continued foam and roar, close to our wild resting place. The mules were straying about picking up the scanty shrubs; and our wild, uncouth-looking peons were assembled round a fire, under the lee of a large rock, cooking their unfortunate guanaco, which altogether rendered it a scene most truly wild and surprising.—Here I was much astonished, on touching any part of my woollen clothing, to find electric sparks fly out wherever I put my hand; what was the cause of this, I am not philosopher enough to know; but my companion informed me, it was by no means uncommon in dry weather. However, never having heard or seen it before, I take this opportunity of mentioning it; for I must own it rather surprised me, on going to bed, to find fire fly out off my clothes.

The poor mules began stumbling, falling, and slipping, but not losing their balance, slipping on their haunches, at times thirty or forty feet down the mountain; all this time the peons were shouting, roaring, and whirling their lassoes: at last one mule lost its balance, and over he went, rolling and bounding head over heels, 200 feet down the mountain into the torrent beneath, where he was whirled and dashed against the rocks by the velocity of the

current, and, much to my astonishment, reached the opposite side of the river apparently little injured by its fall, but its services were lost to us; presently the one with half our provisions lost its hold, and over and over he went: all the lassoes flew at him, when, after bounding all down the mountain, they brought him up just as he reached the torrent, thus saving the poor animal and our provisions; but we lost all our wine, some bread and beef, and a pot for boiling. * * *

Every man took his station, and we crawled over as usual, on our hands and knees: the mules then followed, and the most distressing work began; they got frightened, stumbled, and slipped, and cut themselves with the hard snow, to that degree, in their efforts to plunge through it, that the whole tract was covered with blood.—Several lost their balance, and went flying down the precipice, till they were brought up with astonishing dexterity by the lassoes. One poor animal came rolling down, head over heels; neither his struggles nor the lassoes could save him; he bounded like a ball into the torrent, where he rolled round and round, in vain struggling to stem its velocity, being dashed against rocks and stones till he was swept round a point, and I lost all sight of him. Another soon followed, but was more fortunate than his companion, for he succeeded in gaining the opposite shore, where, very much to my astonishment, instead of seeing him lay with every bone in his body broken he got up upon his legs, and began browsing among the rocks: and thus we lost the services of three.

We soon came to a desperate descent in the side of a mountain, all snow and hard frozen. Now the labor of man commenced. It was with great difficulty the poor peons, being loaded, could keep their footing: several slipped down many feet, and were all but going into the torrent. One fell and rolled down a great way, but fortunately, with the assistance of his stick, saved himself from rolling into the torrent, but not until his ankle was dislocated to the degree that he could not rise to walk again; thus, at first starting, losing his services, and encumbering us with a load more than we had a man to carry. The poor fellow was, from necessity, compelled to crawl his way back to the mules again, for we could do nothing to assist him. From hence nothing but snow was to be seen, and it was truly painful to witness the labor and continued falling of the poor peons, at every step sinking up to their knees. As they stopped to take breath, their cries were most distressing, being a long drawn hey! uttered as if in the most dreadful agony, at the same time leaning on their sticks for support, which would frequently penetrate so deeply into the snow as to throw them flat on their faces, which the weight of their load would bury in the snow, and cause them a great struggle to get out again.

About 4 P. M. it came on a heavy mist of snow and we arrived at the spot where lay the body of the poor peon that had perished a few days ago. It was pointed out to me by the man that was with him when he died, who gazed at it a moment; then looking at me in the face shook his head with much apparent feeling, lifted up his shoulders, and sighed—" *Pobre companero*," poor companion: then as if stifling a sigh to his memory, lifted up his load and hastened forward. Here was reflection for me. I cast my eyes first at his blanched corpse, now covered with snow, then at his companion, then on the dreary regions around me, when finding a tear of sympathy involuntarily starting to my eyes, I pushed forward, wishing almost to forget I had ever seen it.—*Brand's Journal.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

Who shall have the Prize?

There was once to be a meeting of the flowers and the judge was to award a prize to the one pronounced the most beautiful.—"Who shall have the prize?" said the rose, stalking forward in all the consciousness of beauty. "Who shall have the prize?" said the other flowers, advancing, each filled with conscious pride, and each imagining it would be herself. "I will take a peep at those beauties," thought the violet, as she lay in her humble bed, not presuming to attend the meeting,—"I will see them as they pass;" but as she raised her lowly head to peep out of her hiding place, she was observed by the judge, who immediately pronounced her the most beautiful, because the most modest.

Chief Justice Mansfield.—This great lawyer, probably with a view to prolong his own days, was always anxious, when old witnesses were in court, to know their customary habits of life. It so happened that two very old men by the name of Elm were one day the objects of his inquiry. "You are a very old man," said his lordship to the elder brother; "I suppose you have lived a very temperate life." "Never drank any thing but water, my Lord," said Mr. Elm. "Nor you neither? I suppose," said the Judge, addressing himself to the younger brother.—"When I could get nothing else my Lord," was the reply; "I always took my glass with my friend." "Well, then," replied his lordship, "all that we can say is—*an elm will flourish wet or dry.*"

Ways and Means.—Two Irishmen who were travelling together, had got out of money, and being in want of a drink of whiskey, devised the following ways and means: Patrick, catching a frog out of a brook, went forward

and the first tavern he came to, asked the landlord what *cratur* that was. "It is a frog," replied the landlord. "No, sir," said Pat, "it is a mouse." "It is a frog," rejoined the landlord. "It is a mouse," said Pat, "and I will leave it to the first traveller that comes along for a pint of whiskey." "Agreed," said the landlord. Murphy soon arrived, and to him was the appeal made.—After much examination and deliberation, it was decided to be a mouse; and the landlord in spite of the evidence of his senses, paid the bet.

Anecdote—A facetious parson of a country parish was employed some years ago, to unite a rustic pair in the bands of matrimony.—As soon as the knot was tied, "well sir," says Jonathan, "what's the damage?" "Nothing I hope," replied his reverence, "if there is any done, it is no fault of mine, you alone are answerable for the consequences of the proceedings of this evening." "But I mean sir, what's to pay?" "O, that depends on circumstances. When I marry a couple, if the bridegroom is rather indifferent towards his bride, he hands over only the legal fee, four and sixpence. If he is pretty fond of her he will pay a dollar or a crown. If he is very deeply in love he will not think of giving less, than a couple of dollars, or two crowns." What effect this gentle hint had on the heart of Jonathan; tradition saith not.

We respectfully solicit a translation of the following words. The language, although often used in our country, is very much neglected. We will give a receipt for all arrearages to any of our subscribers who will explain them in a manner satisfactory to us:

R T I P H Y P
S E N R E T A

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1829.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The Publisher of the **RURAL REPOSITORY**, desirous of rendering the next volume still more worthy than the present, of the liberal patronage the publication has received, and still continues to receive, offers the following Premiums:—

For the best *Original Tale*, **TEN DOLLARS**;

For the second best, a complete set of the *Repository*, elegantly bound and gilt;

For the best *Original Poem*, not exceeding eighty lines, **THREE DOLLARS**;

For the second best, a set of *Sturm's Reflections*, bound and gilt.

Communications intended for the prizes must be directed (post paid) to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded previous to the first of May next—each enclosing a sealed envelope of the name and residence of the writer, which will not be opened, except attached to a piece entitled to one of the prizes. The merits of the pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen selected for the purpose.

Publishers of papers, with whom we exchange, will confer a favour by giving the above a few insertions.

The Ladies' Magazine.—The twelfth, or December number of this work is just received, and contains as usual many interesting articles; among the best of which, is, "A Winter in the Country," which closes a series of "Sketches of American Character," from the pen of the Editor; and were it not that we are confident of seeing something from the same source, equally as good, in the room of those faithful delineations of native character, it would be to us a subject of regret that the "Sketches" are to be discontinued. We would call the attention of those, who are desirous of encouraging females in the exercise of literary talent to this publication; not only because it is conducted with ability, and therefore must afford them a fund of rational amusement and instruction: but also because by extending to it their patronage, they will have the satisfaction of aiding a widowed mother in her truly laudable endeavors to support a little family wholly dependent upon her exertions for subsistence. The following extracts from Mrs. Hale's address to her patrons, at the close of the first volume of the "Ladies' Magazine," will show her views in undertaking the arduous task of editing a periodical work, and the success that has attended her labours. We hope their insertion may also be the means of obtaining for the second volume, at least, a few subscribers.

"The present number of the *Ladies' Magazine* closes the volume for 1828. The work was not undertaken with a very sanguine hope of success on the part of the Editor. The many periodicals now offered to the public prevent any one of the candidates for favour from engrossing a monopoly of patronage, while an equal division hardly furnishes the means of support to any. The fate of several publications similar in character to that which the Editor of the present work proposed, was not such as would have flattered her to have undertaken the task, from vanity, or ambition, or the spirit of rivalry. She was actuated by purer motives; and if success has, in some measure, crowned her efforts, it is to be ascribed more to the energy which peculiar circumstances have called forth, than to her ability for conducting a periodical. The mother, and not the author has been successful.

"Those who are intending to go along with us through the desultory journey of another year, may perhaps wish to know something of the intended course to be pursued. This it is impossible in the limited space of a paragraph, [all that our page permits] to describe. The January number will contain some further explanations; but after all, much must be left to contingencies, to circumstances which are not within our capacity to foresee, or skill to mould to our plans and promises. But thus much we will venture to say, that all which we can do, to render the *Ladies' Magazine* worthy of the character and taste of its patrons, and deserving of the praise which a generous public, and especially the conductors of the public presses have thought proper to bestow, shall be done."

HUDSON FORUM,

Will meet at the Court-House, on Wednesday Evening, the 7th of January, at 7 o'clock, and discuss the following question.—"Is there a prospect that the Union will be dissolved within the next half century."

MARRIED,

At Millville, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Rexford, Mr. David P. Munger to Miss Louisa P. Bartlet.

At Columbia Ville, on the same day, by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. Alfred Tibbets to Miss Henrietta Roberts.

DIED,

In this city, on the 24th ult. Mr. John Bryan, aged 58.

At Clermont, on the 20th inst. in the 73d year of his age, the Hon. William Wilson, M. D. formerly President of the Medical Society of the State of New-York, and for many years first Judge of the Common Pleas of the county of Columbia.

At Ghent, on the 8th inst. Mrs. Ann Howard, relict of Chilon Howard, in the 40th year of her age.



POETRY.

ADDRESS

To the Patrons of the Rural Repository on the New-Year.

'Tis common for Poets, in New-Year's orations
By mystic entreaties, and wild incantations,
To wake all the spirits, and call all the Muses,
And out of nine sisters, select which he chooses.
To follow their steps would be base imitation,
To leave them entirely a gross aberration;
So thus we invoke—Ye lovers of story,
Whether tragick or comick, ambition or glory;
Ye fairy fine ladies, ye muses supernal,
Who smile o'er the pages of our little Journal,
Accept our best wishes for husbands and wives,
Abundance of gear and long happy lives.
Now, a fig for political fame or renown,
We care not a copper who's up or who's down;
A fig for an office, a sword or a feather,
Let Jackson and Adams go begging together;
We don't intermeddle with great men or measures,
We ride our own hobby, and hunt our own pleasures;
A feast for the soul, a song and a story,
Our highest ambition, the goal of our glory.
Now sit ye down, gentlemen, lovers and lasses,
Here's a cask of old wine, just fill up your glasses.
A health to Sir Walter, the Prince of bold Fiction,
Who makes even Truth do homage to diction,
And sends out the life of the world's greatest hero
In colours far blacker than Rome's tyrant Nero;
Oh shame on a Scotsman! disgrace on his head!
'To lie for the living and slander the dead!
A health to our Irving—whose page has unfurled
The scroll of the hero, who found this new world.
'Tis a pity he likes old Europe so well—
Columbia's soil has lost all its spell.
A health to our Cooper, the sweet and sublime,
Whose works challenge critics, and sneer at old Time,
We welcomed the "Rover" who came from the ocean
And look for another with fondest emotion.
A health to Miss Sedgwick—if half so enchanting
As those she describes, the "Miss" will be wanting;
Hope Leslie has withered our stoical powers,
And melted in love this cold heart of ours.
Mrs. Hale has our longest and fondest *encore*,
If all are like Northwood, we ask twenty more.
Mrs. Hemans—alas, how her magical lay
Has stolen our time and our money away!
If she, like Sir Walter, send them out by the bale,
The lovers of poems will all be in gaol.
Encore to the "Mirror," Encore, "Souvenir;"
Encore to all Journals, we've seen the last year;
Encore to our own, and those of all ages,
Who've lent us their pens, to fill up our pages.
Good patrons, we pray for your patience still longer,
Advancement in age makes every thing stronger—
Your kind approbation, we ask, and more too—
We ask your subscription whenever 'tis due;
We cannot exist without some of your gear
'Tis that which will give us a **HAPPY NEW-YEAR.**

THE CARRIER.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

THE FAREWELL.

In vain my tongue would silence break,
My heart with sorrow swells;
Oh, 'tis a hard, hard word to speak—
I cannot say farewell!

Then, Henry, though from thee I go,
And seem to be resigned,
'Tis hard to tell, 'twere hard to know,
The anguish of my mind.

In vain for happiness I seek,
When far from thee I dwell;
Oh, 'tis a hard, hard word to speak—
I cannot say farewell!

CLARISSA.

Where is the American woman that has ever written any thing worthy of being compared with the following?—*Eds. New-York-Courier.*

HEBREW.—JER. 10, 17.

From the hall of our Fathers in anguish we fled,
Not again will its marble re-echo our tread,
For the breath of the Siroc has blasted our name,
And the frown of Jehovah has crushed us in shame.

His robe was the whirlwind, his voice was the thunder,
And earth at his footsteps was riven asunder;
The mantle of midnight had shrouded the sky,
But we knew where he stood by the flash of his eye.

Oh Judah! how long must thy weary ones weep
Far, far from the land where their forefathers sleep?
How long ere the glory that brightened the mountain,
Will echo the exile to Siloa's fountain?

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—An Almanack.

PUZZLE II.—Watch.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Form'd by our skilful makers' hands,
From clothing worn by humble tribes,
We spread throughout all favor'd lands
And *crowns* eclipse and shelter scribes,
But still each lowly peasant knows
And proves, by day, our special worth.
In scorching suns and driving snows
Men proudly raise us over earth.
And, from our high, exalted place,
We screen our charge from beating storms,
And always *cap*, with equal grace,
The humble and the proud mens' forms.

II.

The following letters were written over the ten commandments in a Welch church. As a couplet of poetry they command admiration.

P R S V R Y P R F C T M N

V R K P T H S P R C P T S T N

To solve the enigma, add one of the vowels and use it as often as found necessary.

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Books, Pamphlets, Checks, Cards, Blanks, Hand-bills, &c. &c. neatly and expeditiously executed at this office upon reasonable terms.

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☐ All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.